Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars* in swathing cloathes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy Northumberland*,
The Archbishops grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neerest and dearest enemy?
That thou art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And god forgive them, that so much have swaide
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it,
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this al-praised Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meete,
For every honour sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict accoun
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of hi
Or I will teare the reckoning from
This in the name of god I promise he
The which if he be pleas'd, I shall pe
I do beseech your Majesty may salve,
The long growne wounds of my int
If not, the end of life cancels all banc
And I will dye an hundred thousand
Ere breake the smallest parcell of thi

King. A hundred thousand rebels d
Thou shalt have charge, and soveraine
How now, good *Blunt*? thy lookes a

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that I c
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sen
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shre*
A mighty and a fearefull head they ar
(If promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set
With him my sonne Lord *Iohn* of *La*
For this advertisement is five dayes
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou sha
On Thursday, we our selves will mar
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you shall
Through *Glocester-shire*, by which acc
Our busines valued some twelue daye
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* sha
Our hands are full of busines, let's a
Advantage feedes him fat, while men

Enter Falstaffe and Ba

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away v
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? w
me like an old *Ladies* loose gowne. I
apple-*Iohn*. Well, i'le repent, and tha

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